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Newspaper

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1762, and is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, it is the oldest printed in the English language. It has always quarterly, weekly or daily editions, and has been published without interruption since its first appearance, except during the Revolution, when it was suspended.

For more than a year in advance, single copies in newspapers & books, may always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Advertisers are invited to contribute

to the success of the paper.

Representative Council.

The session of the representative council on Monday evening was quiet and uneventful, although previous to the meeting it had been expected that there would be considerable oratory, especially over the report of the committee on re-organization of the fire department. However, this did not cause a ripple of excitement, and the council decided to send the matter to the people to be acted on at the December election. A petition had been prepared for presentation to the council, asking that the matter be sent to the people, this being a preliminary step toward the referendum provided for by the charter. However, by the time that the petition was reached in the regular course the council had already taken the action requested so that the petition was formally denied.

There was a good attendance at this meeting, some 160 members being present. Chairman Harvey presided and the meeting was short, lasting only about three-quarters of an hour. Considerable business was transacted in that time, however, most of it without remark. After the calling of the roll and the explanation of the call of the meeting, the report of the committee on revision of the fire department was received without reading, as it had already been printed.

On motion of John J. Peckham, the following resolution was passed without debate:

"Resolved, that the following proposition be placed on the ballots and submitted to the electors of this city qualified to vote upon any proposition to impose a tax or for the expenditure of money, at the ward meetings to be held on December 1, 1914, viz:—"

"Shall the Board of Aldermen, acting under the direction of the Representative Council, be authorized to dispose of, at public auction, the following named fire stations: No. 1, Mill street; No. 2, Bridge street; No. 6, lower Thames street; No. 8, Prospect Hill street; No. 1, Hook and Ladder Station, Long wharf; and to make alterations, additions, improvements and repairs to the remaining fire stations; to purchase new motor driven apparatus, as follows:—three combination pumping machines, two combination single tank chemical and hose wagons, two new chassis to carry present equipment of ladders and equipment of hook and ladder trucks Nos. 1 and 2, one one-and-a-half-ton truck provided with tractor bar and equipped with chemical tank, one deputy chief's car, and other necessary fire apparatus, all as designated in the report of the special committee on the re-organization of the fire department submitted to the Representative Council on November 16, 1914; and to expend thereon sum of money not exceeding \$68,000, to be derived from the sale of disbanded fire stations, apparatus, and from the sale of bonds of the city of Newport not exceeding \$42,000, to be issued under the direction of the Representative Council, of such amounts, at such rate of interest, payable at such times and upon such terms as the Representative Council shall prescribe. The full proceeds of the sale of said bonds to be used for the purpose recommended by the re-organization committee on fire department, if needed, and, if not needed, to be used for the payment of the earlier maturing aforesaid bonds, and under the direction of the Representative Council the Board of Aldermen are authorized to carry out any or all of the recommendations of the said re-organization committee as contained in their submitted report."

Diseased Cattle Killed.

The cattle disease which has been creating havoc in all parts of the country has reached this island, although it was at first thought that this locality would escape entirely. An examination of suspected herds revealed many cases of foot and mouth disease and a strict quarantine was immediately established. Two farms only were affected, both being in Portsmouth. This infection has been traced directly to a carload of cattle received from the fested Brighton market. Some of the owners of large herds of cattle on the island feel somewhat uneasy, but it is believed that there will be no further infection. Friday morning Inspector Boyd called at the Police Station with a pass for cattle to be brought from Jamestown to Mr. Cummings' farm in Portsmouth.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the business transacted was largely of a routine nature. The city treasurer was authorized to issue bonds to the amount of \$8,000, this being a part of the \$72,000 authorized by the council. A report was received from the committee to appraise the value of the Ash estate on Bath road, condemned for the widening of that street. They reported \$5000, and the report was accepted. New poles on Eustis avenue were authorized, although there was some opposition.

Newport feels much interest in the appointment of a new postmaster, following the resignation of Postmaster Burlingame. It seems that the two strongest candidates are Representative John B. Sullivan and Chief Clerk Michael F. Shea, with the odds in favor of the former. If Mr. Sullivan does not receive the appointment it would take a vacancy in the Legislature, in which case a new election would be called for next district. There are several other prominent Democrats, several indeed in fact, who would make no objection to taking the lightning if it should strike them.

The low tariff is showing its bad effects on this country more plainly as general reports come in. For the month of November, 1914, our exports decreased \$472,424,000, and the imports increased \$214,926,000 showing a loss of trade to this country of \$257,500. Nearly all of this is attributed to the low tariff.

A number of petitions for sidewalks and other improvements were referred

to the next committee of 25. The next business was the formal petition for the submission of the fire question to the people. Inasmuch as that had already been disposed of, this was unnecessary and was voted down. A resolution was passed making an appropriation of \$200 for the dredging of the berth of the city clerk's office, and by the time the office closed it was evident that there would be plenty of candidates, especially for the alderman and council. There is no place that will be uncontested, except for a council vacancy in the third ward, where Dr. G. F. Barker is the only nominee, and a vacancy in the second ward where Max Levy is the only nominee.

Died after Flight from Hospital.

There were two fatalities in Newport Thursday night, a patient escaping from the Hospital and being found dead in the road the next morning, and a soldier from the Fort being drowned in the harbor.

Emin N. Easton, colored, living at 70 Warner street, escaped from the Hospital about 11:30 Thursday evening, clad only in her night dress. She was delirious. The police were notified and every effort was made to find her, but it was not until daylight that any trace was discovered. A little before 7:00 o'clock word was received at the station that the body of a man was lying on Water Works road. Patrolman Sweeney was despatched to the scene on his motorcycle, and found that it was the body of the missing woman. The body was lying in the ditch near the corner of Hunter avenue, and was entirely devoid of clothing. The remains were removed to the Hospital.

About 10:45 Thursday evening cries for help were heard by a man on board barge Brayan, lying at Sullivan's wharf. He rushed to the rail and saw a man drifting past within a few feet of him. He rushed to Thames street and summoned Officer Gregory who secured one of Champion's launches and started in search, but no further trace of the man in the water was found. At daylight a body was found in the water near Sullivan's wharf, clad in the uniform of a soldier, supposed to belong to the 129th Company of Coast Artillery. The body was removed to Fort Adams.

City Committee Elected.

At the Republican ward caucuses on Saturday evening, the following ward committees were elected to comprise the city committee:

First Ward—Fletcher W. Lawton, Joseph B. Pike, William F. Tripp, Thomas E. Sherman, William E. Kelly.

Second Ward—George W. Ritchie, Sydney D. Harvey, William H. Jackson, William MacLeod, John T. Delano Jr.

Third Ward—Herbert Bliss, George N. Buckshot, George H. Draper, Max Levy, Clark Burdick.

Fourth Ward—John T. Allan, Alexander Fraser, Clark C. Brown, Frank C. Penner, Alexander MacLellan.

Fifth Ward—James McLean, John Mahan, Andrew S. Melville, Francis G. Wilbar, James Brown.

The Democratic caucuses were held on Monday evening, when the following city committee were elected:

Fifth Ward—James E. Kavanagh, Thomas C. Albro, Jr., Daniel J. Dwyer, John B. Barker, Joseph Murphy.

Second Ward—Patrick J. Murphy, J. Frank Albro, Henry F. Rathcamp, Henry T. Probert, George H. Callahan.

Third Ward—John F. Sullivan, John H. Greene Jr., George D. Ramsay, Patrick J. Boyle, Frank J. Hughes.

Fourth Ward—Michael J. Burns, Joseph A. Diggles, Stephen S. Carr, Daniel F. Shea, James E. Blake.

Fifth Ward—Arthur J. Lenry, Mortimer A. Sullivan, James J. Sullivan, John W. Blake, Daniel F. Shea.

Wedding Bells.

Ward—Carry. —Miss Fanny Elizabeth Carry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Carry, and Mr. George F. Ward were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents on Broadway on Wednesday evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Franklin G. McKeever, D. D., pastor of the Second Baptist Church. The bride, who wore an attractive gown of white crepe de chine, was attended by her sister, Mrs. William C. Mustard of Providence. The orange blossoms for the bride were sent from California by her sister, Mrs. Charles P. Stark, Jr. Mr. William C. Mustard was the best man.

A resolution was passed authorizing the board of aldermen to issue coupon notes of not exceeding \$72,000 at 4½ per cent. This was really an amendment of a former resolution, being required by law. In addition to the legal requirements the rate of interest was raised from 4 per cent. to 4½ per cent, on account of the difficulty of marketing the bonds of lower interest. A resolution was passed creating a committee to look into the matter of city control of the highways, and to draft such laws or ordinances as may be necessary to secure complete control to the city.

Mr. John G. Costello, of the staff of the Newport Daily News, is under treatment at the Newport Hospital for an affection of the throat.

Many Candidates for Office.

The city election will come one week from next Tuesday, December 1st, and it will evidently be an interesting one. Wednesday at midnight was the last hour for filing nomination papers at the city clerk's office, and by the time the office closed it was evident that there would be plenty of candidates, especially for the alderman and council. There is no place that will be uncontested, except for a council vacancy in the third ward, where Dr. G. F. Barker is the only nominee, and a vacancy in the second ward where Max Levy is the only nominee.

There are two nominees for Mayor, Patrick J. Boyle, the present incumbent, being opposed by Postmaster Robert B. Burlingame. A strenuous fight will be made by the friends of both candidates, and the fight will probably be a hot one, a close vote being expected. Because of going into this fight Mr. Burlingame has been compelled to resign his position as postmaster, some months before his term runs out.

There is also a lively fight on for the aldermanic offices, there being at least two candidates in each ward. In the first ward, Alderman Hanley has two opponents, Jonathan Asher, Jr., and James E. Kavanagh. In the second ward, Samuel S. Thompson has entered the fight against Alderman Joseph J. Kirby, the contest being limited to these two. In the third ward Alderman Frank J. Hughes has Henry J. Jones for an opponent. In the fourth ward there are four candidates, John E. Leddy, the present incumbent, and Richard J. Lawton, Frank S. Pember, and Joseph H. Watts. In the fifth ward there is the greatest number of aspirants, the five candidates being Alderman Michael F. Kelly, former Alderman Benjamin M. Anthony, former Alderman James McLean, Dr. David E. Flynn, and James D. Brown.

For the representative council, there is also a large number of candidates, the first ward leading with 20, the fifth having 25, the third and fourth 21 each, and the second 21. Many of the returning members have positively declined to have their names used again, and some others are running in wards different from those that they have been representing, on account of change of residence.

All these candidates will make efforts to get their friends to the polls, and in consequence it is expected that a large vote will be cast.

Another matter of importance that will probably have the effect of getting out the voters is the proposition that is to be submitted to the tax-paying voters. This is the matter of re-organization of the fire department, which the council voted to send to the people. Those opposed to the plan are making efforts to beat it, while the advocates of the proposition are trying to get the voters to support it. Altogether, it promises to be an election of hardly less interest than the State election a few weeks ago.

The full list of candidates is as follows:

FOR MAYOR.

Patrick J. Boyle, Robert B. Burlingame.

FOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Dr. Rufus E. Darragh, Charles F. Gifford, William R. Harvey, Miss Anna F. Hunter, Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., Rev. Martin F. Reddy.

FOR ALDERMAN.

First Ward—Jonathan Asher, Jr., William A. Hanley, James E. Kavanagh.

Second Ward.

Joseph J. Kirby, Samuel S. Thompson.

Third Ward.

Frank J. Hughes, Henry J. Jones.

Fourth Ward.

Richard J. Lawton, John E. Leddy, Frank S. Pember, Joseph H. Watts.

Fifth Ward.

Benjamin M. Anthony, James D. Brown, Dr. David E. Flynn, Michael F. Kelly, Michael F. McLean.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL.

First Ward—Fred S. Bachelder, Joseph O. Barker, George M. Battin, Charles S. Bratman, William Brightman, Arthur W. Brown, Joseph Brown, William J. Carr, William J. Christmas, W. Foster Collins, Dennis J. Curran, Harry V. Easton, Thomas C. Freeborn, Bonaventure Gerboville, John A. Gillis, Thomas A. Hackett, John F. Hayes, Rowland S. Langley, James H. Maguire, Jacob Milman, Abraham Nelson, J. William F. Powers, Leon W. Shaw, Thomas E. Sherman, John V. Sullivan. Total, 20.

Second Ward.

For one year (vacancy)—Max Levy. For two years (vacancy)—William H. Jackson, James M. Openshaw.

For three years—Francis S. Barker,

George W. Barlow, Edmund L. Boone,

Eugene L. Brown, Jason S. Congdon,

William J. Dillon, George W. Fludder,

John W. Gibson, Nathan T. Hodson,

William G. Kerr, Edward P. Lake,

William G. Landers, William C. Layton,

George Melville, Harold A. Peckham,

Charles B. Plummer, Edward O. Riley, John H. Scanlon, William A. Stoddard, Benjamin T. White, Harry D. Wood. Total, 21.

Eugene L. Brown, Jason S. Congdon, William J. Dillon, George W. Fludder, John W. Gibson, Nathan T. Hodson, William G. Kerr, Edward P. Lake, William G. Landers, William C. Layton, George Melville, Harold A. Peckham, Charles B. Plummer, Edward O. Riley, John H. Scanlon, William A. Stoddard, Benjamin T. White, Harry D. Wood. Total, 21.

Third Ward.

For one year (vacancy)—Dr. Christopher F. Barker.

For three years—George B. Austin, Isaac W. Barker, Edward T. Bosworth, 2nd, Hugh J. Campbell, William Chapman, Eugene Coggeshall, James Powell Cozzens, George H. Draper, Henry T. Harvey, Jr., Edward A. Hassard, Dr. Douglas P. A. Jacoby, Geoffrey King, Alfred Koenig, Gustavo A. Muenchinger, T. L. Hale Powel, John P. Purcell, Dr. George D. Ramsey, Dr. Edwin P. Robinson, C. Hammet Rogers, George W. Sherman, William A. Sherman, Augustus Springett, Dr. Abram F. Squire, Theodore Viertl. Total, 24.

Fourth Ward.

For two years (vacancy)—Harry A. Curtis, Michael Harrington, Jr.

For three years—Roland E. Arter, Charles C. Bergman, Patrick J. Burns, Bruce Butterton, William F. Carney, Abraham J. Carter, John P. Casey, Alfred R. Comotto, Michele Deculus, John B. Dowd, James J. Dugan, Francis J. Harrington, Samuel A. Hilton, John J. Keenan, George Gordon King, Anthony M. Mazola, Michael F. Murray, John E. Nagle, Robert L. Nolan, Daniel F. Shea, Mortimer D. Sullivan, Edward J. Toomey, Frederick G. S. Trager, Thomas J. Williams. Total, 24.

Fifth Ward.

For three years—Elmer M. Bensley, George E. Bowman, James Collins, Edward P. Dunn, James J. Hickox, Quinton Kane, Patrick J. Keenan, James T. Killian, Thomas Maguire, Charles H. Mall, Edward A. Martin, John B. Martin, John H. McCarthy, Patrick J. Martin, James E. Morris, John E. Murray, Dennis P. O'Brien, Alexander R. O'Halloran, Ernest Ottollego, James J. Stevens, John F. Sullivan, Mortimer A. Sullivan, John P. Sweeney, Otto P. Voigt, John F. Woods. Total, 25.

MIDDLETON.

From our regular Correspondent.

COURT OF PROBATE.—The regular monthly meeting of the Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon, four of the members being present and including Messrs. Lewis R. Manchester, Joseph E. Kling, David A. Brown and James R. Chase, 2d.

On the petition of John C. Burke, Administrator with the will annexed, on the estate of Alice P. Mayor, Hugh A. Baker, of Newport, was appointed a Commissioner to examine and determine the validity of certain claims presented against this estate and three months were allowed to creditors to prove their claims.

J. Alton Barker, Conservator of the estate of Thomas Coggeshall, presented his petition asking for the advice and instruction of the Court, relative to the collection of back rents from tenants of farms belonging to his ward. This petition was continued for further hearing.

THE LAST SHOT

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BY FREDERICK PALMER

CHAPTER XIV.

Tea on the Veranda Again.

It was more irritating than ever for Mrs. Galland to keep pace with her daughter's inconsistencies. Here was Maria saying coolly:

"Until Caesar the things that are Caesars! We have our property, our home to protect. Perhaps the Grays have come to stay for good, so neutrality is our only weapon. We cannot fight a whole army single-handed."

"You have found that out, Maria?" said Mrs. Galland.

"We have four rooms in the baron's tower and a kitchen stove," Maria proceeded. "With Minnie we can make ourselves very comfortable and leave the house to the staff."

"The Gallands in their gardener's quarters? The staff of the Grays in ours! Your father will turn in his grave!" Mrs. Galland exclaimed.

"But, mother, it is not quite agreeable to think of three women living in the same house with a score of strange men!" Maria persisted.

"I had not thought of that, Maria. Of course, it would be admirable!" agreed Mrs. Galland, promptly capitulating where a point of propriety was involved.

When Maria informed the officers the same one who had rung the doorbell on his second visit—of the family's decision he appeared shocked at the idea of eviction that was implied. But, secretly pleased at the turn of events, he hastened to apologize for war's brutal necessities, and Maria's complaisance led him to consider himself something of a diplomatist. Yes, more than ever he was convinced of the wisdom of an invader ringing doorbells.

Meanwhile, the service-corps men had continued their work until now there was no vestige of war in the grounds that labor could obliterate; and masons had come to repair the walls of the house itself and plasterers to renew the broken ceilings.

All this Maria regarded in a kind of dazed wonder that an invader could be so considerate. Her manner with the officers in charge of preparations had the simplicity and ease which a woman of twenty-seven, who is not old-fashioned because she is not afraid of a single future, may employ as a serene hostess. She frequently asked if there were good news.

"Yes," was the uniform reply. An unexpected setback here or resistance there, but progress, nevertheless. But she learned, too, that the first two days' fighting along the frontier had cost the Grays fifty thousand casualties.

"In order to make an omelet you must break eggs!" she remarked.

"Spoken like a true soldier—like a member of the staff!" was the reply.

In her constraint and detachment they realized her conscious appreciation of the fact that in earlier times her people had been for the Browns; but in her flashes of interest in the progress of the war, flashes from a woman's unilitary mind, they judged that her heart was with the Grays. And why not? Was it not natural that a woman with more than her share of intellectual perception should be on the right side? From her associations it was not to be expected that she would make an outright declaration of apostasy. This would destroy the value and the attractiveness of her conversation. Reverence for the past, for a father who had fought for the Browns, against her own convictions, made her attitude appear singularly and deliberately correct.

The war was a week old—a week which had developed other tangents and traps than La Tie—on the morning that the first installment of junior officers came to occupy the tables and desks. Where the family portraits had hung in the dining-room were now big maps dotted with brown and gray zig-zags. Portable field cabinets with sectional maps on a large scale were arranged around the walls of the drawing-room. In what had been the long-drawn room of the old days of Galland prosperity, the refrain of half a dozen telegraph instruments made medley with the clicking of typewriters. Cooks and helpers were busy in the kitchen; for the staff were to live like gentlemen; they were to have their morning baths, their comfortable beds, and regular meals. No twinge of indigestion or of rheumatism from exposure was to interfere with the working of their precious intellectual processes. No detail of assistance would be lacking to save any bureaucratic head time and labor. The bedrooms were apportioned according to rank—that of the master averted the master; the best servant's bedroom awaited Francois, his valet.

When Bouchard, the chief of intelligence, who fought the battle of wits and spires against Lanstron, came two hours before Westerling was due, the last of the staff except Westerling and his personal aide had arrived. Bouchard, with his iron-gray hair, bushy eyebrows, strong, aquiline nose, and hawk-like eyes, his mouth hidden by a trimly mustache, was lean and sanguine, and he was loyal. No jealous thought entered his mind at having to serve a man younger than himself. He did not serve a personality; he served a chief of staff and a protege. The score of words which escaped him as he looked over the arrangements were all of directing crit-

"I tell nothing, but you tell me everything!" said Bouchard's hawk eyes. He was old-fashioned; he looked his part, which was one of the many points of difference between him and Lanstron as a chief of intelligence.

It lacked one minute to four when Westerling, chief of staff in name as well as power now, alighted from the gray automobile that turned in at the Galland drive. His Excellency had not occupied his new headquarters as soon as he expected, but this could have no influence on results. It had lost fifty thousand men on the first two days and two hundred thousand since the war had begun, should he allow this to distract his well-being of body or mind. His well-being of body and mind meant the ultimate saving of lives.

Confidence was reflected in Westerling's bearing and in his smile of command as he passed through the staff rooms. Turcas and Bouchard in his train, with tacit approval of the arrangements. Finally, Turcas, now vice-chief of staff, and the other chiefs awaited his pleasure in the library, which was to be his sanctum. On the massive seventeenth-century desk lay

"We do forget it at tea, don't we?" he asked.

"At least we need not speak of it!" he replied.

"I am staying tonight. I was going to ask if you wouldn't remain on the veranda while I go over these papers. It—it would be very cozy and pleasant."

"Why, yes," she agreed with evident pleasure.

Turcas came, in answer to Westerling's ring. The orders and suggestions on the table seemed to be the product of this lath of a man, the vice-chief, but a lath of steel, not wood, who appeared a runner trained for a race of intellects in the scratch class. One by one, almost perfunctorily, Westerling gave his descent as he passed the papers to Turcas; while Turcas's dry voice, coming from between a narrow opening of the thin lips, gave his reasons with a rapid fire precision in answer to his chief's inquiries.

With each order somewhere along that frontier some unit of a great army would respond. The reserves from this position would be transferred to that; such a position would be transformed to that; such a position would be felt out before dark by a reconnaissance in force, however costly; the rapid-fliers of the 19th Division would be transferred to the 26th; despite the 37th Brigade's losses, it would still form the advance; General Spad-Sa would be superseded after his failure of yesterday; Colonel So-and-So would take his place as acting major-general; more care must be exercised in recommending for bronze crosses, lest their value so depreciate that officers and men would lack incentive to win them.

Maria was having a look behind the scenes at the fountainhead of great events. Power! power! The absolute power of the soldier in the saddle, with premier and government and all the institutions of peace only a dim background for the processes of war! Opposite her was a man who could make and remake not only generals but even the destinies of peoples. By every sign he enjoyed his power for its own sake. There must be a chief of the five millions, which were as a moving forest of destruction, and hero was the chief, his strength reflected in the strong muscles of his short neck as he turned his head to listen to Turcas. Maria recalled the contrast between Westerling and Lanstron as they faced each other after the wreck of the aeroplane ten years ago; the iron invincibility of the elder's sturdy, mature figure and the alert, high-strung invincibility of the slighter figure of the younger man.

He had taken up a paper thoughtfully after Turcas withdrew, when he looked up to Maria in answer to a movement in her chair. She had bent forward in a pose that freed her figure from the chair-back in an outline of suppleness and firmness; her lips were parted, showing a faint line of the white of her teeth, and he caught her gazing at him in a kind of wondering admiration. But she dropped her eyelids instantly and said, deliberately, less to him than to herself:

"You have the gift!"

No tea-table flattery that, he knew; only the reflection of a fact whose existence had been borne in on her by observation.

"The gift? How?" he inquired, speaking to the fringe of hair that half hid her lowered face.

She looked up, smiling brightly. "You don't know what gift! Not the pianist! Not the poet! Why, of course, the supreme gift of command! The thing that made you chief of staff! And the war goes well for you, doesn't it?"

Delicious morsel, this, to a connoisseur in compliments! He tasted it with the same self-satisfied smile that he had her first prophecy. To her who had then voiced a secret he had shared with no one, as his chest swelled with a full breath, he bared another in the delight of the impression he had made on her.

"Yes, as you foresaw—as I planned!" he said. "Yes, planned all, step by step, till I was chief of staff and ready. I convinced the premier that it was time to strike and I chose the hour to strike; for Bodlapoo was only a convenient excuse for the last of all the steps."

A generous, pleasant conqueror, this! No one knew better than Westerling how to be one when he chose. He was something of an actor. Leaders of men of his type usually are.

"Why, yes. Very glad!" she assented with no undue cordiality and no undue constraint, quite as if there were no war.

Neutrality could not be better im-

plemented, he thought, than in the cleaving of her lips over the words. They seemed to say that a storm had come and gone and a new set of masters had taken the place of the old. As they approached the veranda Francois was placing the tea-things.

"Just like the old days, isn't it?" he exclaimed with his first sip, convinced that the officers' comfrey supplied excellent tea in the field.

"Yes, for the moment—it we forgot the war!" she replied, and looked away, preoccupied, toward the landscape.

If we forget the war! She bore on the words rather grimly. The change that he had noted between the Maria of the hotel reception-room and the Maria of the moment was not altogether the work of ten years. It had developed since she was in the capital. In these three weeks war had been brought to her door. She had been under heavy fire. Yet this subject of the war was the one which he, as an invader, considered thorn-bound to avoid.

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She looked up, smiling brightly. "You don't know what gift! Not the pianist! Not the poet! Why, of course, the supreme gift of command! The thing that made you chief of staff! And the war goes well for you, doesn't it?"

Delicious morsel, this, to a connoisseur in compliments! He tasted it with the same self-satisfied smile that he had her first prophecy. To her who had then voiced a secret he had shared with no one, as his chest swelled with a full breath, he bared another in the delight of the impression he had made on her.

"Yes, as you foresaw—as I planned!" he said. "Yes, planned all, step by step, till I was chief of staff and ready. I convinced the premier that it was time to strike and I chose the hour to strike; for Bodlapoo was only a convenient excuse for the last of all the steps."

A generous, pleasant conqueror, this! No one knew better than Westerling how to be one when he chose. He was something of an actor. Leaders of men of his type usually are.

"Why, yes. Very glad!" she assented with no undue cordiality and no undue constraint, quite as if there were no war.

Neutrality could not be better im-

plemented, he thought, than in the cleaving of her lips over the words. They seemed to say that a storm had come and gone and a new set of masters had taken the place of the old. As they approached the veranda Francois was placing the tea-things.

Maria would be able to live over again the feelings of this moment. It was as if she were frozen, all except brain and nerve, which were on fire, while the rigidity of ice kept her from springing from her chair in contempt and horror. But a purpose came on the wings of diabolical temptation which would pit the art of woman against the power of a man who set millions against millions in slaughter to gratify personal ambition. She was thankful that she was looking down as she spoke, for she could not bring herself to another compliment. Her throat was too chilled for that yet.

"The one way to end the feud between the two nations was a war that would mean permanent peace," he explained, seeing how quiet she was and realizing, with a recollection of her children's oath, that he had gone a little too far. He wanted to retain her admiration. It had become as precious to him as a new delicacy to Lucullus.

"Yes, I understand," she managed to murmur; then she was able to look up. "It's all so human!" she added.

"Your ideas about war seem to be greatly changed," he hinted casually.

"As I expressed them at the hotel, you mean?" she exclaimed. "That seems ages ago—ages!" The perplexity and indecision that, in a space of silence, brooded in the depths of her eyes came to the surface in wavering lights. "Yes, ages! ages!" The wavering lights grew dim with a kind of horror and she looked away furtively at a given point.

He was conscious of a thrill; the thrill that always presaged victory for him. He realized her evident distress; he guessed that terrible pictures were moving before her vision.

"You see, I have been very much stirred up," she said half apologetically. "There are some questions I want to ask—quite practical, selfish questions. You might call them questions of property and mercy. The longer the war lasts the greater will be the loss of life and the injury!"

"Yes, for both sides; and the heavier the expense and the taxes."

"If you win, then we shall be under your flag and pay taxes to you!"

"Yes, naturally."

"The Browns do not increase in population; the Grays do rapidly. They are a great, powerful, civilized race. They stand for civilization!"

"Yes, facts and the world's opinion agree," he replied. Puzzled he might well be by this peculiar calculation. He could only continue to reply until he should see where she was leading.

"And your victory will mean a new frontier, a new order of international relations and a long peace, you think? Peace—a long peace!"

"Was there ever a soldier who did not fight for peace? Was there ever a call for more army-corps or guns that was not made in the name of peace? He had his ready argument, spoken with the forcible conviction of an expert."

"This war was made for peace—the only kind of peace that there can be," he said. "My ambition, if any glories comes to me out of this war, is to have later generations say: 'He brought peace!'"

"Though the premier, could he have heard this, might have smiled, even grinned, he would have understood Westerling's unconsciousness of inconsistency. The chief of staff had set himself a task in victory which had no military connection. Without knowing why, he wanted to win ascendancy over her mind.

"The man of action!" exclaimed Maria, her eyes opening very wide, as they would to let in the light when she heard something new that pleased her or gave food for thought. "The man of action, who thinks of an ideal as a thing not of words but as the end of action!"

"Exactly!" said Westerling, sensible of another of her gifts. She could get the essence of a thing in a few words. "When we have won and set another frontier, the power of our nation will be such in the world that the Browns can never afford to attack us," he went on. "Indeed, no two of the big nations of Europe can afford to make war without our consent. We shall be the arbiters of international dissensions. We shall command peace—yes, the peace of force, of fact! If it could be won in any other way I should not be here on this veranda in command of an army of invasion. That was my idea—for that I planned." He was making up for having over-shot himself in his confession that he had brought on the war as a final step for his ambition.

"You mean that you can gain peace by propaganda and education only when human nature has so changed that we can have law and order and houses are safe from burglary and pedestrians from pickpockets without policemen? Is that it?" she asked.

"Yes, yes! You have it! You have found the wheat in the chaff."

"Perhaps because I have been seeing something of human nature—the human nature of both the Browns and the Grays at war. I have seen the Browns throwing hand-grenades and the Grays in wanton disorder in our dining-room directly they were out of touch with their officers!" she said sadly, as one who hates to accept disillusionment but must in the face of logic.

Westerling made no reply except to nod, for a movement on her part pre-occupied him. She leaned forward, as she had when she had told him he would become chief of staff, her hands clasped over her knee, her eyes burning with a question. It was the attitude of the prophecy. But with the prophecy she had been a little mystified; the fire in her eyes had precipitated an idea. Now it forged another question.

"And you think that you will win?" she asked. "You think that you will win?" she repeated with the slow emphasis which demands a careful answer.

"Yes, as you foresaw—as I planned!"

"And what is your favorite motto?" she asked. "You think that you will win?" she repeated with the slow emphasis which demands a careful answer.

"His Motto."

"And what is your favorite motto?" she asked. "You think that you

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STOMACH.

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Perhaps one of the most frequent complaints of the stomach is constipation of the bowels, or continuous costiveness.

When your food feels so solidly in your stomach that nature refuses to remove it, and you are resorting to various physes which, while giving you some relief, acts as suddenly on the parts affected as to shock and weaken them.

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Time Table in Effect Sept. 27, 1914.

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Middletown and Providence—8:55, 9:30, 11:05, 12:05, 2:05, 6:25 p. m.

Tiverton—8:35, 9:10, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 7:10, 9:25 p. m.

Middleboro—1:05 a. m., 8:05 p. m.

Hanover—11:05 a. m., 8:05 p. m.

Providence—11:05 a. m., 8:05 p. m.

New Bedford—11:05 a. m., 8:05 p. m.

1:10, 3:05, 7:10, 9:25 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—8:55, 9:30, 11:05 a. m., 1:10, 3:05, 7:10, 9:25 p. m.

SHORT LINE

—TO—

PROVIDENCE

—VIA—

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in effect Sept. 15, 1914.

A car will leave Washington Square Week Days at 7:40 a. m., making a close connection through to Providence by way of Bristol, arriving at Union Station, Providence, at 9:30 a. m. The other trips through the day will remain the same, leaving Newport at 30 minutes past the hour until 5:30 p. m. Sundays, connecting through to Providence leaving Newport each hour from 3:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.

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GUY'S NARROW, Treasurer.

Let Us Do It Ourselves

Once the philanthropist set up a drinking fountain. Now there is good city water laid on everywhere. In olden times kind hearted people provided "ragged schools" for the wants of the slaves. Now there are public schools for all. Once the benevolent created funds to provide meals for indigent prisoners in the jails, but John Howard induced the state to feed its prisoners. Time was when the defective were cared for by charitable groups. Now the state provides for these unfortunate. There will always be opportunity for private philanthropy to render signal service, but a democratic society with a proper spirit of independence will not allow itself to form the bad habit of leaning upon the large private donor, but will take as its motto, "Let us do it ourselves."—Atlantic Monthly.

Children Ory
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

COLOSSAL CANOPUS.

If It Were Our Sun It Would Take Over Eight Hours to Rise.

Of all the twenty-first magnificence stars the inherent glory of Rigal and Canopus is the greatest. Only two are farther than they, while the other sixteen are very much nearer.

Rigal gives the light of Rigal as equal to that of 22,000 suns and that of Canopus as 60,000.

Assuming that their general surface brilliancy is the same as that of the sun and recalling that Rigal has at least 22,000 and Canopus 25,000 times the light of the sun, the square root of these figures gives us Rigal's diameter as 360 and Canopus' 246 times that of the sun.

Whereas the sun's diameter, as seen in the sky, measures one-half a degree, Canopus', at the same distance, would measure 17/4 degrees of the 180 that reach from horizon to horizon, and its disk would cover 25,225 times the sky area occupied by the sun. Canopus would be nearly eight hours in rising.

With such a globe brought so near, all life on the earth would instantly perish, seas would be converted into steaming mud, and the very continents would melt with fervent heat and flow like molten iron. Besides such facts our corner of the universe seems diminutive, dull and insignificant.

These two marvelous orbs have been found, among a group of twenty, to which they belong. Out of the million million stars known to exist only twenty, for eight we know, might yield similar specimens. Nothing proves that such worlds are rare.—Geophysical American.

Two Rules of Life.

Here is a man whose guiding principle is hate. He is forever trying to injure somebody for some real or fancied grievance. He will spend money and thought and time to bring confusion upon some one whom he chooses to regard as an enemy, money and thought and time which he might employ in advancing his own fortunes or in nobler effort. When he succeeds in this and the seems to take a brief satisfaction in his work, but his does not impress us as a happy man. He soon forgets all about the punished enemy and casts about for a new one to punish. When he fails in his end and his enemy escapes or punishes him he is very much cast down.

One advantage of taking the diametrically opposite position to the one this man has selected as your guiding principle of life is that even when you lose you win.—Columbus Journal.

Sitting Cross Legged.

The next time you ride in a street car notice the number of people who sit cross legged. It has been estimated that four-fifths of them do. Probably you do. A prominent London physician has investigated the habit, and his advice is "don't sit cross legged." He states that the prime objection to the habit is that the return flow of blood is stopped at the knee, the result being that the veins in the leg swell up. As all of the weight is thrown to one side of the body, the under leg is likely to go to sleep. The body should be equally balanced. Much crossing of the legs is also dangerous in that it is likely to cause lop-sidedness. The limbs should be allowed to rest easily, so that the flow of blood is natural and the body equally balanced.—American Boy.

Struggle to Hide the Truth.

"What makes you insist on always dancing with that girl? You know you dance badly."

"That's true," replied the determined youth. "I think a lot of that girl. If I dance with her instead of letting her sit down and watch me at a distance maybe I can keep her from seeing what a fearful dancer I really am."—Washington Star.

Arabic Alphabet.

The Arabic alphabet has twenty-nine letters, each of which is written differently, according as it stands alone or, in combination with other letters, at the beginning, middle or end of a word. To learn the alphabet, therefore, means to memorize 4×29=116 different signs.

Truth and Love.

When I remember how earnestly men have striven to teach their way into the secrets of the universe and how certainly they have failed I see clearly that only he who lives into truth finds it and that love alone is immortal.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Queer English.

Here is an example of the quaint misuse of words, the confusion of pronouns being not many years ago, whatever may be the case now, quite common among the country people of Hampshire, England: "If her won't go along o' we us won't go along o' she."

Naming It.

"What kept you so long?"

"I was showing that pretty girl how to reach her destination."

"I call that mis-directed energy."—Baltimore American.

DEATH FOR SWEARING.

Profanity in the Early Centuries Was a Capital Offense.

Relieving one's mind in a profane way used to be a costly proposition. In the ninth century Justinian punished swearing by death. By the statutes of Donald VI. and Kenneth II. the north Briton had the offending member cut out when the tongue ran riot. Philip II. of France ordered those guilty drowned in the Seine, and the council of Constantinople excommunicated any one that swore heathen oaths.

In 1651 a man could swear in Scotland for 12 pennies per curse. The higher you were in rank the more you had to pay for the privilege of oaths. Perhaps it was figured that the common people should be given wholesale rates.

By an act of the sixth and seventh years of the reign of William and Mary servants, day laborers, common soldiers and common sailors were fined 1 shilling a swear; others were taxed 2 shillings.

The swearing schedule in the household of Henry I. was 40 shillings fine for a swear word by a duke, 20 for a lord, 10 for a squire, 8s. 4d. for a yeoman, and a pence to be paid."

The law that provided fines for swearing led Jonathan Swift to his prospectus of the "bank of swearing" during the speculative craze at the time of the south sea bubble. This bank was to have a monopoly of collecting the fines of those who swore, and Swift said: "It is said there are 2,000,000 in the kingdom (Ireland), of which 1,000,000 are swearing souls. There are an estimated 6,000 gentlemen, and every gentleman can afford to swear one oath a day, which will produce 1,620,000 oaths a year, or £1,200."

In 1692 at Aberdeen the council had to hold the head of the house to have a box placed for the collection of the fine imposed upon the household for swearing.—Chicago Tribune.

HOW TO START A CANCER.

Some Very Common Practices It Would Be Well to Avoid.

An English scientist, interested in the attempts to conquer cancer, suggests the following methods by which a cancer may be produced:

"It is not easy to produce a cancer artificially; nevertheless, if you try enough you will succeed sometimes. Encourage your patients to smoke clay pipes, with the varnished ends broken off or to retain sharp edged stumps of teeth in their jaws, and you may fairly expect now and then to witness the *de novo* production of cancer. The same end may be attained with yet more certainty should you have it in your power to select cases for the experiment in which there already exists some local evidence of chronic irritation. For instance, you may tell a patient who has a little wart or an irritable crack in his lip that he may go on smoking and injure himself by picking off the crust whenever he has a little spare time and come to you again in six months. This is a very certain method. In another instance you may assure a man with a little plaque near the angle of the eye that it is of no consequence, not worth an operation, and advise him to apply cold cream. In a year or two's time he will probably be able to show you very interesting example of rodent ulcer (a form of so called skin cancer).

It is obvious that the Englishman who suggests these methods does not offer them in the hope that they will be followed, but quite the contrary. He might have added that although "it is not easy to produce cancer artificially," it is still less easy to cure it, artificially or otherwise. Indeed, the fight against cancer has been one of the least successful in the whole category of medical battles. It is also one of the oldest.—Los Angeles Times.

Amphibious Forces.

The use of naval forces on land is, of course, by no means novel, but not every one knows that it is a direct reversal of the policy adopted in the early days of the navy. Under Cromwell's rule army officers were placed in command of war vessels, and the great Admiral Blake was a colonel in the new model army before he went to sea. Another notable soldier to be placed in command at sea was General Monk, first duke of Albemarle, who justified the transference by winning two great sea fights against the Dutch.—Dundee Advertiser.

Why He Objected.

"Now," said the principal to one of the pupils at the close of the lesson in which he had touched on the horrors of war, "do you object to war, my boy?"

"Yes, sir; I do." was the fervent answer.

"Now tell us why."

"Because," said the youth, "wars make history, an' I jest hate history."

—Exchange.

Do thine own task and let therewith content.—Goethe.

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THROUGHOUT.

Once the philanthropist set up a drinking fountain. Now there is good city water laid on everywhere. In olden times kind hearted people provided "ragged schools" for the wants of the slaves. Now there are public schools for all. Once the benevolent created funds to provide meals for indigent prisoners in the jails, but John Howard induced the state to feed its prisoners. Time was when the

Established by Franklin 1784.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, November 21, 1914.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

By His Excellency,

ARAN J. POTTER, Governor.

PURSUANT TO THE CUSTOM ESTABLISHED FOR UNDERTAKERS OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO BY HIS PROCLAMATION HAS SET ASIDE A DAY ON WHICH TO TURN IN THE FULL SUMMATION OF THE YEAR, IN PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING TO ALMIGHTY GOD FOR THE MANY BLESSINGS AND MIRACLES TO WHICH HE HAS BEEN SUBMITTED.

THEREFORE, I, ARAN J. POTTER, Governor of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in exercise of the authority and in performance of the function devolving upon me by law, do hereby appoint and designate THURSDAY, the 28th day of November, 1914, as the day on which all people may turn in their accounts, and in their several homes and houses of worship, join in rendering thanks to the Most High, for His abundant favor and in profound gratitude for the blessings of peace which we here enjoy to this hour of world trial.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the State to be affixed this tenth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred fourteen, and of Independence one hundred and thirty-four.

A. J. POTTER, Governor,
By the Governor,
J. FRANCIS PARKER,
Secretary of State.

Colonel Roosevelt says: "I am a private of the private's kind." The Lord be thanked. Let us hope he will remain so.

We hear much less about "Thank God for Wilson," than we did before election. Why?

Revolution in Mexico goes merrily on. Villa, President Wilson's pet bandit, is still breathing fire and slaughter. Wilson's watchful waiting policy is proving itself more and more a monumental blunder.

To "watchful waiting" in Mexico while Villa goes on shooting people at random, must now be added the Turk's dishonoring our flag in foreign waters. The weak and vacillating policy of the President has brought contempt for our flag the world over.

The state returning board is still struggling with the ballots cast on November 8, and sometime before January 1st they will tell us who is elected. Thus far they have made no change in the result announced the night of election. The majorities have in many cases been changed. On Thursday the board declared Gen. Walter R. Stiness elected over Congressman Gerry in the second district by a majority of 975, which was considerable increase over that given in warden's count.

Commissioner Redfield says: business is good. Secretary McAdoo says: times are improving. President Wilson says: we are on the eve of great prosperity. The same old song the Democratic administration has been singing for many months, but the millions of laborers who are seeking work with which to feed their hungry families do not appreciate these prognostications. To be sure since election and the tremendous repudiation of President Wilson and his administration, people have begun to take courage and hope for better things in the future. But to say that the times are good and the country prosperous, as did the Democratic stump orators, is saying that which everybody knows to be false. It is a striking commentary on Democratic mismanagement when the only ray of sunshine in the business world comes from Democratic defeat.

"Lit le Chance For Constitutional Changes."

There is all probability need be little looked for in the way of constitutional tinkering on the part of the Republicans in the legislature during the next two years. The Republicans have full control of the state, and the people of the state the present month paid no attention at all to the Democratic charges that the majority party in the state had broken faith with the people. The Democrats lost several members of the state senate, and in the house they have been considerably weakened as a combative force.—Providence News.

Pray tell us why there should be any constitutional tinkering? What is the matter with the present constitution? The election on November 8 showed pretty conclusively that the people are satisfied with it. The Providence papers, some of them at any rate, during the campaign, abused and vilified the last General Assembly because they refused to vote for a constitutional convention. They accused them of lying to the people, of betraying their trust, and called them all the hard names in the catalogue of abuse. What is the result? The next General Assembly instead of having a small Republican majority, is almost unanimously Republican. There are but three of the Democratic party in the senate and two of that number come from towns overwhelmingly opposed to constitutional conventions and constitutional tinkering. So it is pretty evident that the people of Rhode Island are well satisfied with the constitution they now have. Why shouldn't they be? No state in the union has a better one. No state in the union is more prosperous or better governed than is Rhode Island, and the watchword of the people should be, as it undoubtedly is, "Let well enough alone." We know the people of this state pretty thoroughly, and outside of a few people in Providence who take their religion and politics from the Providence Journal we have yet to find any real demand for any sweeping changes in our constitution.

Work Not Talk.

It is said the President is now going to devote himself to action and stop talking. That is a good resolve, he has been congratulating himself for many months on the great prosperity he has brought on the country and still the ungrateful people vote a lack of confidence in his well worn and smooth platitudes. It was in answering a question of what he thought of election results, and how they may affect the future course of his administration, that the President said that acts, and not words, will hereafter express his policies. The main fact to be seen in the results, he added, is that they leave the Democratic party still in control of the government. A conclusion might hastily be drawn from this that he considers that, in itself, a sufficient answer to the great majority of people who recently expressed their dissatisfaction not only with words, but with such acts of that party as have had time and opportunity to demonstrate their ineffectiveness for public service. He might be understood as saying that the large majority which condemned the party record has really acclaimed it, because of congressional apportionments, distribution of seats, and other factitious causes. But this may have been only another lapsing into the artistic use of words, from which, in spite of his expressed determination to reform, we fear that Mr. Wilson will never be able to escape.

Many Democratic members of the House who have said they saw the sun at night, when the President said it was noon, have since seen their sun eclipsed. They are now in darkness, and most shining verbal textures may fail to make them see. Mr. Wilson is wise in his resolve to abandon words. But can he?

Thanks Due Rockefeller.

The thanks of the world are due John D. Rockefeller for his great munificence in relieving the sufferings of a starving nation. The people of Belgium, in no ways responsible for this great European war, have had to bear the brunt of all of it. There, all is gone. Their people are starving. The greatest of the disaster falls on the old, the infirm and upon the women and children.

The Rockefeller Foundation, endowed by John D. Rockefeller with \$100,000,000, has entered actively upon the work of relief for these unfortunate people. The announcement is made that millions of dollars of the funds will be spent in alleviating their distress. No cause ever has made, or ever can make a stronger appeal to humanity, and we repeat that Mr. Rockefeller is to be congratulated upon having lived to see such a fruition of his good work in the partial distribution of his great fortune to serve the needs of humanity.

He has, of course, been well assured that the many millions he has poured into the endowment funds of institutions of learning, with a view to placing either a classical or a technical education in the reach of all youth anxious to secure it, have been doing a great silent work of good. He can not doubt this. But his faith in that case is an evidence of things felt but not seen. In the relief expeditions sent to Europe he will see faith justifying itself in such works as the one who looks for both faith and works is sure to approve and bless.

Look Out For Night Riders.

The latest among the many schemes tried for holding the price of cotton up at unnatural levels is "night-riding." In certain sections of the South if a planter sells his cotton below 10 cents a pound he is pounced on some night by a gang of masked bandits. Perhaps it is the adoption of some such scheme as this that Secretary McAdoo had in mind when he warned Boston bankers that it would work to their disadvantage not to go in on the cotton pool.

This brow-beating attempt to drive Northern people and Northern money to the support of Southern planters is the most barefaced outrage of the many the administration has perpetrated on Northern enterprise and Northern people. This attempt to compel Northern money to be used to put up the price of cotton so that Northern manufacturers would have to pay more for their raw material and then sell their manufactured goods minus duty should go down in history as one of the greatest outrages attempted by an outrageous administration.

Reason for Improvement.

The President of the Home Market Club in an address on Wednesday said: "A gain of eighty protectionist Congressmen is the answer to the Administration's plea for an endorsement of the Underwood-Wilson tariff. It was the tariff issue that made this gain possible. As a result of the election courage and confidence have taken the place of doubt and depression, and the outlook for American business is brighter today than it has been at any time since President Wilson signed the new tariff law. The country has rejected the tariff-for-revenue-only policy and has served notice that it stands firmly for the American policy of protection, for the American market, for American capital and labor, for full employment and the best possible wages."

Horses and mules valued at \$2,426,

666 have been shipped from the

National Stock Yards at St. Louis to

the French and British governments

since the war began.

Race Segregation.

(Boston Traveler.)

President Jefferson was one day riding with his grandson when they met a slave who took off his hat and bowed. The President returned the salutation by raising his hat, but the grandson ignored the civility of the negro. "Thomas," said the grandfather, "do you permit a slave to be more of a gentleman than yourself?"

It is inconceivable, of course, that President Wilson should have "turned down" a negro delegation's protest against segregation—a protest in which was embodied a principle as broad as human liberty—because their spokesman lacked "face" in presenting their case. By the same token one might figure a drowning man's cry for help on the ground that it was not uttered in a pleasant, persuasive tone of voice.

It is quite obvious, from many things that have happened during his administration, that President Wilson expects the negroes to go on patiently enduring many "discriminations" inflicted by the whites which the whites would not suffer for moment at the hands of the negroes. Thus does "the superior race" prove its superiority.

Perhaps the language of the spokesman was not tactful. Perhaps the President's vague, pleasant words and promises regarding fair and equitable treatment proved a bit irritating when contrasted with conditions as they exist and as the President knows they exist. "The systematic denial of man's right to black men in the South is the crying disgrace of the century." These are the words of the editor of *The Crisis*, perhaps the ablest champion of his race. "We have wrongs, deep and bitter wrongs. There are local and individual exceptions; there are some mitigating circumstances; there is much to be excused; and yet for the great mass of 10,000,000 Americans of negro descent these things are true."

Perhaps President Wilson would argue that if all the rest of the country is discriminating against the negro it must be right to do so in the federal offices; and it is right in the federal offices, why, of course, it ought to be all right in any part of the country.

Partyless Politics.

(Providence Journal.)

As the fires of November election contests die, Newport prepares for its December demonstration of partyless politics. The summer capital knows no party in municipal politics—theoretically. The law forbids it; the separate election day is a part of the plan to prevent the contamination of the local campaign by the introduction of such issues as the currency, tariff, public schools and the amendment of the State Constitution. No tenets of faith that go back to Hamilton, Jefferson, Door or Lincoln may logically influence the choice of a Councillman.

But no way has been found to prevent agreement on matters of city policy when two or three Newport Republicans are gathered together or similar harmony when an equal party of Democrats meet in privacy. Somehow they will, on the sly, talk about selecting a Republican to run against Mayor Boyle.

It is hard to teach the American voter new tricks. But the Newport plan has its advantages. As compensation for the loss of the excitement of party fights, whereby one's fellow citizen is "desirable" or "undesirable" according to which circle on the ballot contains his cross mark, hundreds of Newporters are elected to councillor office. If you say, "Good morning, Councillman," in Washington square, the response sounds like the opening line in the "Gondolier from Japan" male chorus from "Mikado." One of the inducements to settlement in Newport is that almost every citizen holds office. Men who wouldn't attend town meeting once a year as a duty can thus be easily induced to perform that labor at frequent intervals in the consciousness that is an officeholder's privilege.

Look Out For Night Riders.

The latest among the many schemes tried for holding the price of cotton up at unnatural levels is "night-riding." In certain sections of the South if a planter sells his cotton below 10 cents a pound he is pounced on some night by a gang of masked bandits. Perhaps it is the adoption of some such scheme as this that Secretary McAdoo had in mind when he warned Boston bankers that it would work to their disadvantage not to go in on the cotton pool.

This brow-beating attempt to drive Northern people and Northern money to the support of Southern planters is the most barefaced outrage of the many the administration has perpetrated on Northern enterprise and Northern people. This attempt to compel Northern money to be used to put up the price of cotton so that Northern manufacturers would have to pay more for their raw material and then sell their manufactured goods minus duty should go down in history as one of the greatest outrages attempted by an outrageous administration.

Reason for Improvement.

The President of the Home Market Club in an address on Wednesday said: "A gain of eighty protectionist Congressmen is the answer to the Adminstration's plea for an endorsement of the Underwood-Wilson tariff. It was the tariff issue that made this gain possible. As a result of the election courage and confidence have taken the place of doubt and depression, and the outlook for American business is brighter today than it has been at any time since President Wilson signed the new tariff law. The country has rejected the tariff-for-revenue-only policy and has served notice that it stands firmly for the American policy of protection, for the American market, for American capital and labor, for full employment and the best possible wages."

Horses and mules valued at \$2,426,

666 have been shipped from the

National Stock Yards at St. Louis to

the French and British governments

since the war began.

PORTSMOUTH H.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Mrs. Sarah A. Greene of Newport is visiting friends here.

Mr. Harry Dale, conductor of the dining car running from Boston to Montreal, has been visiting his family.

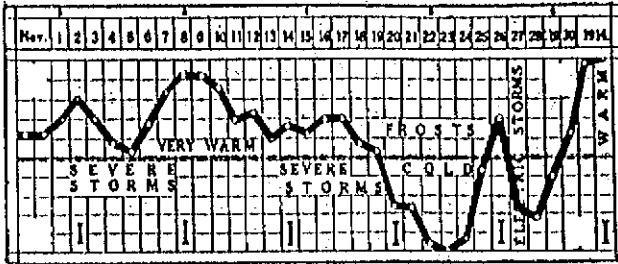
Postmaster Charles Thomas has been ill with grippe.

Rev. John Wadsworth has been attending the New England Convention of Methodists in Boston. While there he was guest of his son, Frank Wadsworth.

Mrs. Robert M. Wyatt and Mrs. William Mosher attended the Sunday School Convention in Providence, going as delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School.

The regular meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held with Mrs. Eunice A. Greene. There was a business session. Later supper was served to 45. In the evening a peasing program was presented. Those active in the entertainment were, Miss Edna Malone, Finis Macomber, Marguerite Holman, Rev. Mr. Estes, Mrs. Estes, Mrs. Greene, Mrs.

WHATSOEVER BULLETIN.



Temperatures of this month will be close to the averages of many past Novembers. First half of the month will be much warmer than usual and last half much cooler than usual. A very warm wave moving eastward, will cover great central valleys near November 9 and a severe cold wave moving southeastward will cover great central valleys near Nov. 23. Severe storms are expected Nov. 2 to 7 and 13 to 17 and not far from 22 and 27.

From about Oct. 25 to Nov. 25 excessive rains will fall in southern states, Mexico, Central America, and northern South America. Also from about to above normal rains in eastern sections of the states and Canada. Elsewhere on this continent from about to below normal rain. For the entire period of about 30 days or longer all of South America east of Andes and south of Amazon country will get a serious drought, while Australia, India, Southeast Asia, and Europe will get abundant precipitation. The European war zone will get severe winter weather with heavy snows or rain.

Treasure line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90°. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. Nov. 19, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forewarning of disturbance to cross continent Nov. 24 to warm wave 23 to cool wave 26 to 30. Temperatures of that week will average colder than usual and killing frosts before and after the warm wave will go farther south than usual and stop cotton growth in northern parts of cotton belt.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Nov. 29, cross Pacific slope by close of 30, great central valleys Dec. 1 to 3, eastern sections 4. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Nov. 29, great central valleys Dec. 1, eastern sections 3. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern sections 6.

This will bring in a warm wave of unusually high temperatures and the cool wave following will not go to low temperatures. The temperatures of Nov. 30 to Dec. 6 will average unusually warm. No great storms are expected. Not any snow and not much rain. Whatever precipitation occurs will be in eastern and southern sections. This will be a continuation of the un-

Richard Macomber, Mrs. William T. II, Mrs. and Mrs. Charles Cory.

Mrs. Frederick G. Cooke who has

been at the Highland Hospital is now with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Anthony of Park avenue.

Mrs. William H. Allen of Attleboro has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Eunice Greene.

The Ladies Aid Society held its annual meeting with Mrs. Charles Carr, Jr., when the following officers were elected to serve the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet. Vice President—Mrs. Kate Bailey. Directors—Mrs. P. A. Coggeshall, Mrs. Abram Rathbone, Mrs. Robert Purcell.

Secretary—Mrs. Warren R. Sherman.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Albert Loucks.

Treasurer—Mrs. John R. Coggeshall.

Rev. Father Anderson of the Holy Cross Fathers preached at St. Paul's Church Sunday morning.

Rev. and Mrs. John Cornell have closed their home here and gone to New York where they will spend the winter at the Waldorf-Astoria as usual.

Miss Hazel Dale was given a surprise party Saturday evening to celebrate her birthday by about 80 friends. She received several pretty gifts among them being a thermos bottle.

Henry Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Anthony, was given a surprise party at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Robert Purcell, by 15 of his friends. The evening was much enjoyed by all.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's string of show-horses have returned from the shows at St. Louis and Kansas City, where they won many prizes.

Mr. C. Woodman Chase spent the week-end with his wife in Worcester. He found Mrs. Chase considerably improved in health.

The Willing Workers met with Mrs. Abner P. Anthony on Wednesday. The society is planning a supper and sale, with a dance to be held at Oakland Hall Dec. 9th.

Mrs. Brigid Norman entertained the Choir Guild of St. Mary's Church at her home Brook Farm on Friday

GOEBEN PUT OUT OF COMMISSION

Russia Claims Victory In Battle With Turkish Fleet FOUGHT AT FIVE-MILE RANGE

Breslau, Another Former German Cruiser, Does Not Participate In Conflict—Berlin Celebrates Great Victory In Poland, Where Russian Forces Are Driven Back—Battle Along the Vistula Will Be of Decisive Character—Kaiser Said to Have Staked All Upon Success or Failure of Present Move—Fighting in the West Developing Into Great Artillery Duel All Along the Line

In the first test of arms between the Russian and the Turkish fleets in the Black Sea, the Russians have come out victorious.

An official dispatch from the Russian ministry of marine at Petrograd tells how a division of the czar's Black sea fleet met the German-Turkish cruisers Goeben and Breslau. It was a long range duel between the Russians and the Goeben, the ships never being within less than two miles of each other.

The Goeben was not struck by the shells of the enemy, but damaged to escape, owing to her superior speed. It is believed that she is seriously damaged and has been put out of commission, and perhaps sunk. The Breslau, the report states, did not join in the attack, but kept out of range and accompanied her wounded sister when she retired.

An official dispatch from Constantinople via Berlin claims a Turkish victory, and the crippling of the Russian flagship, with the Turkish cruisers chasing the rest of the squadron into Sebastopol, but the Russian statement is accepted in London as authentic.

Taken by Surprise

The Russian squadron, returning from its cruise to Sebastopol, sighted the two former German cruisers about twenty-five miles from the Black Sea. With the flagship Admiral Evansky in the lead, the Russians drew up in battle formation, opening fire. The first salvo of 12-inch guns from the flagship struck the Goeben and caused an explosion amidships, setting her on fire. Then the rest of the squadron got into action, the fire being effective, and the Goeben was seen to be in trouble. However, who brought her heavy guns into play with some effect, for the Russians admit the loss of four officers and twenty-nine sailors killed, with a small number wounded. The Goeben, accompanied by the Breslau, then disappeared into the fog and were not pursued.

What the loss on the Goeben amounts to is unknown, but it is believed to have been very heavy. The Turkish cruisers were evidently taken by surprise, but there is much argument in London as to the reason the Breslau did not join with the Goeben in meeting the Russians.

Great Fight Near in East

Outside of the news of this reverse to the Turks, interest in the war was largely centred upon the sudden German offensive in the east. The Russian advance in Poland has been turned back; that is admitted by Petrograd, but in spite of the fact that the German force has been able to strike into the Russian centre, the Russians continue to advance on the north and south, apparently ignoring the reverse to the centre.

In Galicia, before Cracow, they are pushing their advantage, while in East Prussia the long arm of the czar's troops is slowly creeping nearer its objective point, Berlin. Also are the Russians active in the Carpathians, their object being to prevent the Austrians from retreating into Hungary. It is stated that 800,000 have been cut off from their own territory and will if defeated be compelled to retreat westward.

Germans Pushing Forward

Just what success the Kaiser's forces have made in their advance on the Russian centre is more or less a matter of conjecture. Neither Berlin nor Petrograd is allowing much information to escape. It is sure, however, that the Russians have been forced back from the German frontier and been compelled to retreat more than half the distance they had advanced after their victorious battle of Warsaw. The Germans are strongly reinforced and are pushing forward with characteristic energy.

Berlin is celebrating the victory. An official dispatch from that city asserts that the Russian losses are estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 men. A Russian account of the reverse indicates that the czar's cavalry suffered heavily.

The forward movement of the German forces along the Vistula is being watched with great interest by European military critics, who believe that this movement will determine the greatest campaign of the war. Several critics go so far as to say that it will determine the fate of the Kaiser's operations against Russia, or even the duration of the war.

The Russian centre is crowded between the Vistula and the Warta, and is not an altogether favorable position. The Russian operations in Galicia and East Prussia, however, are not seriously affected as yet, for in those localities the Russians are driving their own or advancing steadily.

The battle is being fought, or will be fought, between the Vistula and Warta rivers in Poland, and it is believed that the German generals feel that this is to their advantage, thinking the Russians will not be able to

deploy their enormous numbers to advantage.

Upon the success or failure of his present move the Kaiser is believed to have staked his all. A victory will seriously embarrass the Russian armies in the north and south; in fact, will make it necessary to divert large numbers of troops from both divisions to reinforce the harassed centre. A victory for the Germans will probably mean the cessation (at least temporarily) of Russian offensive movements, while a defeat would make the three-pronged advance into the German-Austrian domains even faster and more overwhelming than it has been in the past few weeks.

Great Battle Continues

The Germans have weakened their forces in the west in order to strike the blow in the east, but to offset this advantage before the French and English troops, more of the great Krupp guns have been brought forward. The thirty-five-day battle is rapidly developing into a great artillery duel. Neither side can use its infantry to advantage. The weather has made foot attacks almost impossible. The men cannot advance to advantage over the muddy ground, rendered a mass of mud by the continual rains.

The extended areas which the allies have flooded between the coast and Mahmudi also militate against infantry tactics. The battle promises to continue for weeks, perhaps months longer, before a decisive result is obtained. Both Paris and Berlin claim slight advantages on the day's fighting, but the ground taken or lost by either side is necessarily comparatively trivial.

AUSTRIANS' FAULTY CHARGE

Nine Hundred Men Mashed to Bloody Mass in Bunker Road

Austria has the bunker road like Waterloo. The bloodied cavalry, Vienna's bluest blood, butchered itself in a hollow in Galicia. In charging over uneven ground they plied into a deep ditch.

The bodies of the 900 men were mashed to a bloody mass with the hoes of their horses. All the horrors of the charge at Waterloo were repeated.

Under the hoots of oncoming horses the dying men writhed and tried in vain to escape being crushed into the great, bloody mound. Within ten minutes what had been Vienna's proudest cavalry regiment was only a gigantic mass of mixed men and horseflesh. The officer who ordered the charge killed himself.

LOSS OF THE AUDACIOUS

United States Had News of Disaster to Warship Two Weeks Ago

The United States government has known officially for two weeks of the destruction of the British dreadnaught Audacious by a mine off the Irish coast, but has kept the matter secret at the request of the British government.

Ambassador Page cabled the American government of the sinking of the Audacious within a day or two after she went down. He said he had been officially informed of the sinking as well as of the delay to the liner Olympic.

He gave no details, however, and merely stated that the British government wanted the loss kept secret for the present. Officials at Washington scrupulously guarded the news.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

Cardinal Mercier, primate of Belgium, who has just returned to his own country after a visit to England, sent a stirring appeal through the American commission for relief in Belgium for assistance for his starving parishes of Malines and the surrounding neighborhood.

Another warning to American citizens against unnecessary visits to foreign countries involved in war was issued by the state department at Washington, with a particular caution to naturalized citizens that they should stay away from their native countries or countries with which they are at war.

GENERAL NEWS • EVENTS

Richard King, 3, died at Boston as the result of burns received while playing with matches.

President Wilson will spend Thanksgiving day with his daughter, Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, at Williamsburg, Mass.

Eight inmates and two guards lost their lives in a fire which destroyed the Florida state reform school at Marianna.

The postoffice rate at North Dighton, Mass., was dynamited and about \$900 in cash and stamps stolen by robbers, who escaped.

Thomas Maryland, 10, was instantly killed by an auto truck at Manchester, N. H., while on his way to school.

The betrothal was announced at Paris of Bessie Van Vorst, the American author, and Hughes Le Roux, one of the editors of *Le Matin*. The will of the late William Endicott, Boston merchant, was filed in the Suffolk probate court. He leaves \$202,000 in public bequests.

White Star liner Crete, from the Mediterranean, arrived in Boston harbor, bringing a case of smallpox.

C. M. Rimbach, the missing proprietor of the Crawford House, Boston, was adjudged bankrupt.

Night riders have broken loose again in Muhlenberg county, Ky., this time lynching a man who was under indictment for alleged participation in their outrages.

Harry Meloon, 19, was accidentally shot and killed on the state rifle range at Manchester, N. H., by George M. Stacy, keeper of the range.

Fire destroyed the old unoccupied paper mills at Boston Neck, Conn., and several adjoining buildings, with a loss of \$50,000.

Miss Gordon Heads W. C. T. U.

Miss Anna A. Gordon of Evanston, Ill., was elected president of the Woman's Christian Temperance union at its general convention at Atlanta.

ROBERTS DIES NEAR TRENCHES

Pneumonia Claims Great Soldier at Age of Eighty-Two

BELOVED BY GREAT BRITAIN

Civilians and Soldiers Alike Mourn Death of "Bob," Hero of Many Famous Wars—Had For Years Preached Doctrine of Thorough preparedness—Praised by Kaiser

Field Marshal Lord Roberts, the idolized "Bob" of England, died at the front in France, and all Great Britain is in mourning.

Lord Roberts died as he probably would have wished, close to the trenches, where his fighting men of India were engaged with the enemy. The cold, wet weather hanging over flooded Flanders brought about his death, for at his age he was unable to stand the rigors of the climate and contracted pneumonia.

Lord Roberts was 82 years old. He had gone to France to see the Indian troops and had expected to remain only a short time. He was the colonel in chief of the native troops. On Thursday he was in the trenches with them and contracted a cold. Pneumonia developed and he quickly succumbed.

When Roberts' death was announced the words of the Kaiser regarding him were recalled by many. "Roberts of Kandahar," the Kaiser is recorded as saying, "has much of the subtlety and ability to perceive his opportunities which have distinguished the greatest military geniuses of the past. I hold him to be the ablest of the soldiers of today."

A veteran of Britain's wars in India and South Africa, when the great European war began, Roberts, who has, as he often remarked, lived a remarkably adventurous life that he might preserve his strength for the service of his country, was of too advanced age to lend the empire's troops in the field, but he threw himself into the work of raising Britain's army and rousing the nation to its peril.

For years Roberts has preached the doctrine of thorough preparedness, and had warned England of the dangers menacing her from the continent.

Roberts had no liking for society. His home at Ascot was a modest, unpretentious villa. Day and night since the war began the slight but soldierly figure of "Bob" was to be seen at Lord Kitchener's office or at the training camps. His greatest interest lay with the Indian troops, and he issued an appeal, to which general response was made for funds for their III and wounded.

Scion of an Irish family, Roberts was born in 1832 in Cawnpore, India, where his father, General Sir Abraham Roberts, was serving. It was in the Indian service that the gallant and efficient soldier achieved his first and lasting fame.

But it was Field Marshal and earl that Lord Roberts was formally known; it was as "Bob" that the men of the ranks knew him, loved him and greeted him. In their estimation and in that of the admiring public, which appreciated and applauded his gallant service for his country, no name could fit him better than this diminutive of his family name and a word meaning "hero" in Hindu.

Roberts had six children, of whom only two daughters survive him. His first child, a girl, died a year after birth, as did his second. His third, a son, died at birth. His next child was Lady Aileen Mary R., heiress to the earldom, who was born in 1870. The fifth child was the son who was killed in the Boer war after winning the Victoria Cross, and his sixth is Lady Ada, who was born in 1876, and was married a year ago to Major Henry F. Billott.

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DEMAND FOR MEAT GREATLY REDUCED

Slump in Prices at Chicago Stockyards as a Result

Hogs on the hoof are selling at the Chicago stockyards for the lowest prices in two years. The market is demoralized. The prices are from 50 to 75 cents lower than the quotations last Monday, when the market reopened. The cattle market is in a comatose condition at the losses of from 50 and 75 cents to \$1 from Monday's prices.

Two reasons are offered. The packers say the public has become alarmed at the spread of the hoof and mouth disease and fears that meat has or will become affected. There is reason for such belief. But in the meantime the public is not buying much meat and consequently prices are going down.

ROBERT BURDETTE DEAD

Had Gained Wide Fame as Humorist, Author and Preacher

Dr. Robert J. Burdette, preacher, author and humorist, died at his home at Pasadena, Cal. He was 70 years old.

Jurdette began cultivating good humor obscurely in Peoria, Ill., forty years ago when he spent a part of his days at a desk on the Peoria Transcript "trying to think," as he himself once related, "of pleasant things to tell the folks when I went home at night."

His audience of "folks" then was Carrie Urrett, whom he had married a short time before, while she lay supposedly on her death bed, but who lived, and, though an invalid for life, became immortalized by her husband as "Her Little Serene Happiness." It was she who encouraged him to sow his humor in wider fields. The invalid wife encouraged him, too, to try the lecture field.

\$2,500,000 MORE NEEDED

Congress Will Be Asked to Help Stamp Out Cattle Disease

To date the federal and state governments have spent approximately \$750,000 in the campaign against the hoof and mouth disease epidemic.

Of this about \$400,000 has been born by the federal government, almost exhausting the appropriation funds of the department of agriculture. An emergency appropriation of probably \$2,500,000 will be asked of Congress when it meets to complete the work of stamping out the disease.

The last outbreak of the disease—that of 1903—cost the federal government alone \$300,000.

WIRLLESS AT CAPE COD

Navy Department Will Help Ships During Periods of Fog

Wireless apparatus designed to help ships groping in fog to determine their positions soon will be established at Cape Cod by the navy department.

The apparatus has been perfected by American naval officers, it is announced, so that it will be possible to locate an incoming ship after measurement of the radio waves by the points of a compass.

Old Warship Sold at Auction

The frigate Independence, last of the fighting ships built for the war of 1812, was sold at auction at Vallejo, Calif., for \$3613. The Independence was used as a training ship at Mare Island.

No Place For Letters.

A learned young woman of Boston was spending her vacation in a little country place. To the local bookshop of the village she went one afternoon and made known her mental wants to the clerk:

"I should like the 'Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle.'"

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the clerk, "but this isn't no postoffice."—New York Globe.

FROZEN IN GULLY

Groom-to-Be Found Dead While Wedding Party Walks in Church

Timothy F. Cronin, who

STREETS OF CHRISTIANIA.

The Most Tastefully Designed of Any Capital in Europe.

Christiania is probably the most tastefully laid out capital of any state in Europe. Paris itself is not excepted. It owes its foundation entirely to King Christian IV, of Denmark, from whom it takes its name, who in about the year 1623 decided to erect for himself a new capital on the opposite side of the river to Oslo.

The whole of the main streets of the city run at right angles and are extremely wide. Indeed, it would hardly be an exaggeration to call them squares rather than streets. For the most part the architecture is rather heavy in design, but the clear air that comes from the fords tends to give the whole place a tone of lightness that it would otherwise lack.

The river Aker contains a wonderful series of waterfalls in the upper courses some little distance from the city, where practically the whole of the necessary power for the ever growing manufacturing quarter of the Norwegian capital is generated. This quarter is rather rigorously restricted to the suburb of Sagen, on the north side of the city, since town planning is something more than a mere name in Norway.

The royal palace, which was built by Christian IV, is a handsome building of rather unattractive architecture.—Manchester Guardian.

PREDICTS THE TIDES.

One of Uncle Sam's Machines That Does Wonderful Work.

A machine known as the United States tide predicting machine No. 2 and which is in daily operation in the United States geodetic survey at Washington, makes mathematical calculations which would otherwise require 100 persons to do.

Its work is nothing less than the predicting of the times and heights of high and low tides a year in advance.

Its mechanism is of brass and steel, its house a huge mahogany and glass case and its tender one observer, who turns a crank and copies off on paper the reading of several dials and later removes from the machine a roll of paper on which is plotted the tidal curve for the particular spot along the coast the tides of which have been predicted.

Every year the United States issues a book of tide tables, primarily for the use of its navy and, secondly, for the use of all who go down to the sea in ships. This book of tide tables gives the time to the minute and the height of the nearest tenth of a foot of every high and low tide during the year for seventy of the world seaports, and by means of an auxiliary table the same information for 3,000 other places.—Scientific American.

Useful Wives!

Equal suffrage has not yet penetrated Africa's jungles. A husband will send two of his wives out to plant and care for the cassava farm. Two more will be appointed to look after the rice farm, to plant, attend it, drive off the rice birds and animals, and finally to cut and harvest the crop. Two more will be delegated to the jungle to chop and bring home firewood. Another will be commissioned to carry water for the family. Another will do the cooking. Still another will shine her husband's sword, light his pipe and bring it to him, while he sits in the kitchen and talks any kind of palaver that his men friends care to quibble about! The husband works on the principle of "to every woman her work!"—Christian Herald.

Hard to Explain.

Cummings and Welsner were business rivals. One day at the club they fell to talking.

"Do you carry any life insurance?" queried Cummings.

"Yes," was the answer. "I have \$10,000."

"Made payable to your wife?" asked Cummings.

"Yes," said Welsner.

"Well," asked Cummings, "what kind of an excuse do you give to your wife for living?"—New York Press.

Tight Screws.

If screws, gas fittings, the sides of bedsteads or anything else of the kind become tightly fixed and cannot be moved the following method will generally be found to loosen them: Pour a little oil on the tight parts and then hold a lighted candle underneath until it is warm. You will then find that it is easy to separate or unscrew the fixed parts.

Polishing Pearls.

Pearl ornaments may be elegantly polished by first rubbing with olive oil to remove the dirty appearance, then applying any red nail polish. This latter gives a burnished appearance, and with a little fast rubbing the pearl takes on a brilliant glow.—Scientific American.

Germany on North Sea.

The border of Germany on the North Sea, from the easternmost corner of Oldenburg to the northernmost point in Schleswig, measures some 200 miles. The Kaiser Wilhelm (Kiel) canal is sixty-one miles long and cost \$40,000.

Idle Curiosity.

For no reason at all we have wondered and wondered and wondered what debts she before Adam and Eve went in for dress reform.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where life is more terrible than death is the trust valor to date to Mrs. Browne.

Cruel Hint.

"I have regularly attended the dog show."

"Well, did any of the judges want to give you a prize?"—Exchange.

Painful Ones.

Sister Ann—Did you get any marks at school today, Bill? Bill—Yes, but they're where they don't show.—London Sketch.

Human Sacrifice.

Rollin' in his ancient history says, "The government of Carthage was founded upon principles of the most consummate wisdom." And on the same page the historian makes this record in reference to the same people (the fortunes of war had gone against them): "They attributed this to the anger of their god, Saturn, because that, instead of offering up children nobly born, who were usually sacrificed to him; there had been fraudulently substituted in their stead the children of slaves and foreigners. To atone for this crime 200 children of the best families of Carthage were sacrificed to Saturn, besides which upward of 300 citizens from a sense of guilt of this pretended crime voluntarily sacrificed themselves. Diodorus adds that there was a brazen statue of Saturn, the hands of which turned downward, so that when a child was laid on them it dropped immediately into a hollow, where was a very furnace." We are indebted to the Bible for the difference between that nation and this of today.—Christian Herald.

An Ice Drydock.

An army engineer once gave a demonstration on the Lake of the Woods, on the Canadian border, of the old saying that an engineer is a man whose business it is to do a task at half the cost others would incur. A dredge locked in the ice needed repairs nearly three feet below the water line. The surrounding ice at the time was nearly two feet thick. A trench eighteen inches deep was cut in the ice round the dredge. The next night the cold froze an inch or two of ice directly under this trench, and on the day following another inch of ice was dug out of the trench. Day after day an inch of ice, more or less, was chipped out of the trench, according to the intensity of cold on the preceding night. In a month the trench was nearly three feet deep, with a safe block of ice beneath it. Repairs to the hull were then easily made.—Saturday Evening Post.

Theory of a Scientist.

I have published for years that mind creates electrons and forms them into matter. That mind is called creative mind, for mind alone is able to create. I do not know what mind is, so must content myself with a theory, totally opposite to belief, of which I have none. My theory is that only one mind exists, and that all other apparent minds are parts or fractions of the one original mind. I did not start up this theory. It is one of the oldest known to speculation or philosophy. I heard of it in early youth and have accepted it as a theory since. If humans could force electrons into a straight line side by side in contact, but this is impossible since they repel, then a row one inch long would contain 12,700,000,000. My theory is that only electrons have created, all else formed.—Edgar Larkin Larkin in New York American.

Verne and His Works.

It was Hertz, the French publisher, who discovered Jules Verne. Hertz began with Verne by a life contract, guaranteeing an annual sum of \$4,000, which seemed immense riches to the unknown writer. It was not at all proportionate to the rapid success and sale of his books throughout the known world. Jules Verne was content with his bargain and for many years furnished doubtfully his two volumes a year. At his death he left several more finished or nearly so, which explains the continued appearance after his death of new works bearing his name. Hertz took pains to provide the writer who was laying golden eggs for him with a yacht and all other appurtenances necessary or useful to stimulate his inventive powers.

Money and Talk.

"I want you to tell me what this paper means when it says in its market report that money is cheap," said Mrs. McFee to her husband, who, like all husbands, is supposed to be encyclopedic.

McFee laid down the sporting sheet. "It's simply putting in a briefer form the statement that money talks," he replied, "and that talk is cheap."—Judge.

Great African Lake.

Lake Victoria Nyanza, in which the river Nile has its source, measures 230 miles from north to south and 220 from east to west. Its coast line, which is very irregular, is about 2,000 miles. Its water area is estimated at 27,000 square miles, and its islands have an area of some 1,400 square miles.

Woman's Way.

When a good looking neighbor woman begins to sit around the porch when father is home, mother tells father that she is a cat. But if a bonny dame comes around when father is home mother says she is "such a dear girl!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Speech.

Speak not at all in any wise till you have somewhat to speak. Care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.—Carlyle.

Courage.

We can't help admiring the courage of an old maid who makes a suitor propose twice before accepting him, although she knows he's her last chance.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Ominous.

"Yes, I am going to run for office." "Your friends seem pleased."

"So do my enemies. And that looks kind of ominous, don't you think?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unnecessary.

"Did her father give the bride away?" "No; he said the groom would find her out soon enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Any one—a fool or an idiot—can be exclusive. It comes easy. It takes a large nature to be universal, to be inclusive.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

WORKED BOTH WAYS.

A Rose That Attracted as Well as Diverted Attention.

One morning Mrs. Wilmington's attention was attracted by a strange spectacle coming up the street. As that distract she could not quite make it out. It appeared to be some sort of animal with a headlight fastened to its forehead. As it came nearer it resolved itself into the shape of a human being—perhaps some shark with a red face. But in another moment Mrs. Wilmington recognized Martha Maria Sophie Smith, the seventeen-year-old colored girl who came every Monday for the laundry.

Maria Smith had a flowing red ribbon four inches wide round her head. It was tied in front into a huge bow, the wings of which stood out four inches beyond her forehead.

Mrs. Wilmington was surprised, for although she had noticed some of the signs of pride of dress in Martha Maria, the girl had more than the ordinary amount of good taste.

"Why, Martha," exclaimed Mrs. Wilmington, as the girl came round the porch, "what in the world are you wearing that bow for?"

A slow grin whitened the girl's mouth as she said:

"To attract attention, missy."

"To attract attention. Why do you want to attract attention?"

"I don't, ma'am."

"Then why are you wearing that awful bow on your forehead?"

"So folks will look at me bald."

"Why do you want them to look at your head?"

"So they won't look at me bald—*I got holes in mine shoes*!"—Youth's Companion.

GOLD LETTERED SIGNS.

None of the Least Used in Making Them Is Ever Wasted.

"On the matter of domestic economy in the American household, which is asserted, the housewives and the boys and girls of the family no longer practice, it is interesting to know that if economy be a lost art at home it is pursued with a great deal of care in many lines of business," remarked Henry A. Shields of New York.

"I was impressed a few months ago by the observation of a sign painter, who informed me that he could not deliver a sign I had ordered on a certain day because the reverse in the intervening time he would have the quarterly clean up day. I was curious to know what clean up day meant, and he told me,

"It appears that in the making of signs a great deal of gold leaf is used, and necessarily some of it is wasted, just as it is when gold letters are placed on shop windows. I had never noticed that when the painter is at work putting the leaf on he is careful to conserve all the leavings. Just so in the shops. All refuse there is carefully brushed into a pile and kept. In three months' time there will be a great deal of what appears to be rubbish around a sign painter's shop, but the painter knows its value. This rubbish is cleaned up, stowed in bags and sent to Philadelphia, where it is screened and the particles of gold leaf extracted." My friend informed me that it is not unusual to get as high as \$90 out of one shipment of rubbish, all of which goes to the workmen in the shop and not to the owner.—Washington Post.

When Charlemagne Took a Bath.

Like so many of the European warm springs and bathing places, Baden-Baden was first appreciated by the Romans. The Emperor Caracalla in especial honored it by his patronage and adorned it in various Roman ways. With the fall of the empire and the arrival together of the barbarians and Christianity, bathing and, above all, bathing in warm water, fell into disuse all over Europe as an enfeebled and immoral practice. It was only when Charlemagne, whose name was one to conjure with, dipped his imperial person in the hot springs of Aix-la-Chapelle that bathing after seven centuries of disuse, became again permissible, if not almost desirable. From that time on, with varying fortunes Baden-Baden was a health and pleasure resort.—Harrison Rhodes in Star's Magazine.

Looking on the Bright Side.

Somebody passed a counterfeit dollar on old Uncle Tom, which nearly broke his heart. Weeks later he related his trouble to his employer. "Ah done gib up lookin' fer the man what gitte me," he said. "Ab reckon it ain't no use tryin' fer to find him." "Well, it looks pretty good for a counterfeit," remarked the other. "Why don't you try to get rid of it?" "Yes, sah; yes, sah. Sho does look thataway. Some days Ah think nesse it's good. Guess Ah'll jes' wait for one of 'em good days an' jes' pass it along."—Argonaut.

Language Mixed.

"That" said the physician, as he examined the lump on the man's neck. "Is the remains of an old boil that started to come out and then became encysted there."

"Well," said the unlettered patient, "it sure has encysted on stayin' there."—Chicago Post.

Real Enjoyment.

Member (showing visitor through): Yes, my dear, every woman ought to join a club. It's so refreshing to blackball some one you don't like.—Life.

One Comfort.

It is always comforting to reflect that no man ever looked as bad as a flashlight photograph of himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Daily Thought.

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he has done in the world to his fellowmen; when he dies, people will ask what property he has left behind him? But the angels will ask, what good deeds has he sent before him?—The Koran.

Unnecessary.

"Did her father give the bride away?" "No; he said the groom would find her out soon enough."—Detroit Free Press.

Any one—a fool or an idiot—can be exclusive. It comes easy. It takes a large nature to be universal, to be inclusive.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

Bluffed Savage King Mitsa.

When the well known African traveler Dr. Robert Felkin was staying with the bloodthirsty King Mitsa of Uganda many years ago the king, out of gratitude for his visitor's medical treatment, wished to cut off his head. On Dr. Felkin representing that the treatment was not finished and that if interrupted it would cause Mitsa's death the latter granted him a reprieve until he was quite recovered. Then the execution was determined upon. Emily Parke, who was a friend of Dr. Felkin, had instructed him most accurately about the state of affairs in Uganda and had revealed to him an important state secret—namely, where Mitsa's powder store was hidden. Dr. Felkin remembered this at the right moment and as a last resort threatened that if Mitsa killed him he would bring down a blast of lightning upon his powder store. Mitsa replied incredulously, "Tell me where it is." Whereupon Dr. Felkin whispered in his ear, "It is concealed under your barem."

Mitsa turned pale and allowed Felkin and his compatriots to live. The "lightning maker's" authority increased when next day a flash of lightning happened to strike near the barem.

A Frank Philosopher.

Charles Elliot Norton in his Harvard lectures on the history of art used often to describe a meeting between Thomas Carlyle and the philosopher Mallock.

Mallock was a wise man," he would say, "but his views differed from Carlyle's, and hence, though they were true views, Carlyle deemed them false and pernicious. We should all cultivate a broad outlook, so as to escape from the narrow intolerance of a Carlyle. When Mallock called on Carlyle he talked in his sweet way for two straight hours. Then he rose to go. At the door Carlyle, who had smoked the whole time in grim silence, took his pipe from his mouth and said mildly:

"Well, goodby, Mr. Mallock. I've received ye kindly because I knew yer mother, but I never want to set eyes on ye again."

Steel Points.

The expression "well tempered" or "finely tempered" steel is generally misused. It is usually taken to indicate steel of extra hardness, whereas the reverse is the case, though very few people are aware of the fact. The greater the degree of tempering the softer the steel. The steel worker measures the degree of tempering by the color of the metal. Thus the hardest—namely, the least tempered—steel is light straw in color, while the softest is white.

Between these extremes, commencing from the hard end of the scale, are the following shades: Straw, dark straw, light bronze, bronze, dark bronze, light blue, blue, dark blue. Tempering steel is a very delicate business and one calling for that sense of what is "just right," which is found in good cooks.—London Answers.

Brutalities at Sea.

Naval punishments were brutally severe in the seventeenth century. They marooned—that is, they set a man ashore alone on a desolate coast or island and left him to starve, to be destroyed by savages or wild beasts. They keelhaule—that is, they dragged a man naked by yardarm whips under the bottom of the ship and drew him up raw and bloody with the harsh wounding of barnacles and spike-like adherences only to be submerged afresh ere the unhappy miscreant could fetch a full breath. They nailed a man to the mainmast by driving a knife through his hand. For murder (that was often manslaughter) they tied the living to the dead, back to back, and threw them overboard.

Push

Seeing in the Dark.

Sir J. J. Thomson is authority for the statement that when a body is heated above the temperature of boiling water it ordinarily begins to be faintly visible, especially by averted vision, but no definite color is discerned until the temperature has risen considerably higher. This suggests that the first effects are felt by the "rods" and not by the "cones," which together form the retina. The cones are especially concerned with the perception of color. From this one would infer that animals which see in the dark must have retinas particularly rich in rods, and physiology shows that this is notably true of the owl, whose retina is remarkable for the extremely great proportion of rods to cones. In a faint light, states Professor Thomson, the owl sees no color, but he sees something which is good enough for his purposes when we would see nothing at all.—*Philadelphia Record*.

A Literary Bellboy.

At one of the great London hotels there is a page boy who in his spare moments is much given to the study of the best English literature.

A few days ago he was paid his wages with a small fine deducted for some breach of regulations. Indignant, the boy said to the manager, "Sir, if you should ever find it within the scope of your jurisdiction to levy an assessment on my wages for some trivial act alleged to have been committed by myself at some inopportune moment in the stress of one's avocation I would suggest that you refrain from exercising that prerogative. The failure to do so would of necessity force me to tender my resignation."

The manager, tottering, reached a chair and in gasps asked the boy what he meant. "In other words, if you fire me again I shall chuck the job!" said the lad.—*London Standard*.

For the New House.

When you commence to plan your new house get a good sized scrapbook in which to paste every kind of suggestion you come across. There are hundreds of little ideas as well as some larger ones which will help you give your house added charm or comfort without much increase in cost—ideas about built-in things, from a simple shelf to a medicine closet or a seat in an inglenook. There are things to do and things not to do about the plumbing of lights and of radiators and of water or steam pipes. There are principles of harmony to be remembered in the selection of rugs, draperies, wall decorations and furniture. We all run across such suggestions, but rarely remember them. So get a scrap book or else a large envelope or a flat box labeled "The New House." It will pay—New York Sun.

Norman Kings and War.

The Norman kings had a way of their own of masking money from their warlike preparations. William Rufus in the sixth year of his reign, "caused 20,000 feet to be lifted in England to rendezvous in Normandy. But when they were come to the sea const in order to be transported he sent them all home again after exacting 10 shillings from each of them for their diet." Years afterward Richard I, according to the old chronicle, "ordained that there should be jousts and tournaments throughout England for the better exercise of men in martial affairs, yet so that all persons should pay for their license to bear a part in these exercises after the following rates: Every earl 20 marks, every baron 10 marks and such as had no land 2 marks."

Boulogne.

Boulogne has been the base of almost every contemplated invasion of England from the days of Cæsar to the time when Napoleon gathered 180,000 men there ready at any favorable opportunity to swoop across the channel. For six years—from 1844 to 1850—Boulogne was an English possession, and the English element in the town was large and influential long before the cross channel pleasure steamers made it the best known spot in France to the majority of the English trippers. Two famous poets, Churchill and Campbell, breathed their last in Boulogne.—*Westminster Gazette*.

Amended.

Thackeray tells of a peasant woman begging alms from him, who, seeing him putting his hands in his pockets, said:

"May the blessings of Providence follow you," but when he only pulled out his snuffbox she immediately added, "and never overtake you."

Little Signs.

"I wonder if the couple on the other side of the aisle are husband and wife?"

"They can't be. She's got the seat by the window."—*Baltimore American*.

The Critic Scored.

"I have just sold that picture for \$2,000," said the jubilant artist.

"I congratulate you on your ability," replied the critic.

"Thank you. It makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"Makes a difference? I don't understand you."

"I mean that it makes a difference when a man succeeds. Up to this time you have never uttered a word of praise or encouragement to me. Two or three times you have made slighting references to my ability as a painter. Now that I have sold a picture for a good price you begin to see that I have artistic talent."

"Oh, I'm not congratulating you on your artistic talent, but on your ability as a salesman."—*Chicago News*.

Magic for Rust Spots.

To remove rust spots on bathtubs and basins and discolorations in toilet basins and sinks apply muriatic acid with a mop. As soon as the discoloration is removed the acid should be thoroughly rinsed off with clear water. The acid works like magic; it is almost instantaneous in its effect and the later of scrubbing is saved.

The Tale of the Canoe.

She came along the end of July to Indian Neck, the prettiest girl the resort had ever seen.

Carteret took a hasty glance at the hotel register as Biggs, the official tote or suit case, led her away to her room.

"Vivian Lovejoy," he read. "O, Vivian, you are like a lone rosebud in the sunlit closet." Vivian, Vivian!

"Shut up. Don't be a cad," muttered Don, stuffing his big hands into linen trousers' pockets, and staring moodily after the girl. "Even if we do happen to be jumping off place in the summer resort line, you don't have to act like a grinning idiot. Wonder why she ever landed here."

But the fact remained that she had landed, and from her preparations it was seen she meant to stay. She took the best room left, one overlooking the falls and the sweep of rapids clear around the bend of the headland that gave the place its name.

Every day she went to the pine grove above the falls and strolled around alone, studying every point of land. After lunch she took the path below the falls and walked up and down first on one side, then crossing the little bridge to the other.

Carteret tried to join her, to explain the beauties of the place and the old legend of the falls. They were not so very high, hardly over 90 feet, but even in the summer they were turbulent, fed by the lake above.

"You see," Carteret would say, "Indians used to be around here, and they had a custom of sending one girl over the falls every year in a red canoe for a sort of sacrifice to the spirit of the falls."

"I have heard of the custom before," said Vivian. "At Niagara Falls, they did it, too, I think. But these falls seem too small for the leap to be fatal."

"It's the rocks under the water. They're like jagged teeth, and they rip the bottom out of any boat that goes over. If she did get to the bottom of the falls the rocks in the rapids would catch her. Nice little plan, wasn't it?"

"It's a wonderful picturesque place. I think it is just what I have been looking for."

"Artist?"

She smiled and shook her head, turning her parasol so he could not watch her.

"No, I'm just an ordinary summer tramp. Where is Mr. Marden?"

"Fishing."

"He goes fishing every day, doesn't he?"

"Every day," assented Carteret happily. "Just below the rapids about a quarter of a mile."

"Can he swim?"

"We all swim here."

He looked down at her, with sudden suspicion. Why was she asking all these questions about Don Marden, the one man in the neck who did not appeal to women. He was tall and decidedly handsome. He had no chivalrous ways, no little attentive tricks to woo them by. He was short-spoken and roughly dressed.

Rainy days, when the other guests of the hotel kept to the shelter of the verandas and living room, he stalked forth with a placid grin on his face and the rain dripping from his old felt hat, with a fishing rod balanced in one hand and a basket in the other.

"Is he anybody special?" Vivian asked once, watching his stalwart, stooped figure stalk down the glen.

"He acts just as if he always did, just as he pleases."

"He came here because the fishing is good. He comes every year. Nobody knows who he is. He comes for July and August; then goes away."

Carteret gave the information grudgingly. "Don't be interested in him. He's a dub, a perfect dub." It was the only term that seemed to fit Don Marden. "I would do anything in the world for you."

She smiled at him, looking up from the letter he had just brought to her. It was the letter she had waited for over two weeks. They were coming the next day, Kitson, Bayly and the rest. There was not another hour to lose.

She leaned forward to Carteret with a look in her loving dark eyes he had never seen there. He noticed how her hair curled around her temples and hid her ears. She was distractingly pretty, pretty, not beautiful, but just pretty, pretty as a girl could be, he thought.

"Can you get me a red canoe?" she asked. "And not tell any one? I want it tomorrow morning surely."

Carteret promised. He would have promised the evening star if she had asked for it in that tone.

All that day in the rain he hunted a red canoe. There was not such a thing at Indian neck, he was told, but down the river three miles he found a canoe hauled up beside an old cabin, and its owner parted with it for a weekly rental.

Red paint he found at the village store and another bill changed hands that he might turn the canoe upside down in the hotel barn and paint it.

"Put in plenty of dryer, old man," advised the Don, taking a last look at him before dinner. "You're doing fine. Who's it for? The little red head?"

"Aw, shut up, can't you?" groaned Carteret huskily. "You shouldn't be allowed to speak of a girl."

"So? She has red hair, hasn't she? Or is it chestnut? Is she going to pad her own canoe?"

Carteret's low-toned murmur mentioned a place not on the summer tourists' map. Doggedly he finished his job and the little trim canoe stood resplendent in its coat of red. Vivian came out to look at it, and she was radiant.

"It's so dear of you, Mr. Carteret, to hurry it for me," she said. "I'll pay for it tomorrow and for your time."

Carteret's response was very servile. He wanted no pay for his work of love. He adored her. He was her willing slave.

"Are you really?" she mused. "Then wait for me down on the bend of the river tomorrow at sunset, just where the rapids end."

The following morning four strangers arrived at Indian Neck. They were men, with certain curious articles of baggage, and they hired the corner suite of the hotel, and mixed not with the local gathering of wits in the corridors of office.

They went over the ground on both sides of the falls and the rapids carefully during the forenoon. The noon train brought five more, three women and two men, and Vivian herself greeted them like long delayed and welcome guests.

She took them out and showed them her red canoe, and Carteret stood in the doorway and mediated on the development of the case.

But Don did more. He stopped dead short on his way past the party at the foot of the hotel steps, and beamed down on "Little Red Head," as he dubbed her.

"What are you going to do with that canoe?"

She dimpled mischievously, and met his gaze fairly.

"If you are down below the rapids at sundown tonight, you will see, Mr. Warden, and I'm hoping you will be." The tallest man in the new lot of guests approached.

"Possibly you are aware, sir," he began in friendly fashion, "that our Miss Lovejoy is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast."

"Oh, Mr. Kitson," pleaded Vivian flushed. "Don't be a cad, muttered Don, stuffing his big hands into linen trousers' pockets, and staring moodily after the girl. "Even if we do happen to be jumping off place in the summer resort line, you don't have to act like a grinning idiot. Wonder why she ever landed here."

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"You needn't bother," Don returned.

He had been talking to Vivian quietly for about an hour in a secluded corner, and even Carteret could not fathom the meaning of their glances.

"Miss Lovejoy has just told me she would marry me as soon as she gets back home, and I don't think we'll let you have that red canoe film. You put your price on it, and I'll send the check when you hand the destroyed strips. You scared all my trout away with your confounded acting, and it will take me a year to coax them back."

"Take us a year, Don," corrected Vivian gently.—By Clarence Carden

The New Year of the Century.

The Century announces for the coming year four serials, each complete in from three to six numbers. James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Sword of Youth," begins in the November Century. A new novel by Jean Webster, author of "Daddy-Long-Legs," will begin early in the new year.

"South of Panama" is the title of the new series of articles by Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, author of "The Old World in the New," beginning in the November issue of The Century. Professor Ross has only recently returned from the countries of South America of which he writes, and his articles tell what stay-at-homes want to know of the people and commerce south of Panama and the future in the land considered now by many our new El Dorado.

"Constructive Americans" is the title of a new series in The Century during 1915, offering the life-stories of Americans who have been constructive in our national life.

In an early number of The Century will begin the reminiscences of the Princess Lazarovitch-Hrebelianovich—formerly Miss Eleanor Calhoun of California—whose distinguished success as an actress and producer of plays in London and Paris made her a prominent and popular figure in court circles, the theatrical world, and the world of letters.

Among notable forthcoming features of The Century is to be a series of papers on "Social Illusions" by James Harvey Robinson, professor of history at Columbia University. "A Study of Patriotism," which will have pointed reference to the present war, will appear in an early number of The Century.

Our "Visionary" President.

Under the title of "Our Visionary President," George Creel has written for the December Century an interpretation of Woodrow Wilson, discussing in detail the President's hold on his party, his stand on all the questions which he has been called on to meet, the isolation of his position, the grounds for the claim that he is the exponent of American idealism, and his belief that no man since Lincoln has niched himself so inextricably in the confidence of his people.

Would Know Sandy.

An American girl was bringing a Liverpool girl home with her, and toward the end of the voyage remarked:

